

(Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.)  
**META WOODRUF.**

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

At a famous but retiring watering place in the southern part of France may be seen hundreds of guests coming and going. Guests from far and near, representing many nations. Some come for pleasure, to view the beautiful scenery, while many come in search of health.

The hotel is large and well built, to accommodate from a thousand to fifteen hundred guests. On the porch, which runs the whole length and breadth of the house, sits a handsome young man smoking a cigar, who is evidently lost in deep thought. Beside him is a middle-aged gentleman who sits idly gazing at his son. These two men are Eugene Hay and his father.

Mr. Hay has grown stronger day by day, until he is now almost well. His son has grown thinner and paler, and his eyes have a grave, sad expression. His cheeks are no longer rosy and he is silent most of the time. Six long months have passed by, and he has not received one line or word from the girl he loves so well.

"My son, I have made up my mind to start for home to-morrow, as I feel strong and well, and I fear this climate does not agree with you, as you are looking wretched," said Mr. Hay.

"Nonsense, father, I am perfectly well. I do not want ever to return to America."

"What do you mean, Eugene? I would not live in Europe the remainder of my life under any consideration."

"At least let me remain abroad as long as it was our first intention of doing," Eugene said pleadingly.

"I fear, Eugene, that something worse is the matter with you than you are willing to acknowledge to me. By the way, have you heard from Meta lately?"

"Not for several months."

"It is this, then, which causes you to look so pale and thin?"

"I loved her father and love her yet with all my heart. The thought of her pining away to me is more than I can bear."

"She seemed to be a most noble girl, and I am much surprised at her conduct. But, my boy, there are many more who would be true."

"She has shaken my faith in all her sex."

"You must not say that, Eugene, for you had a mother who was as true as man could wish for. Because one woman has proven herself false to a sacred promise, is that a reason her sex should all be condemned? Oh no, my boy, you are not wise in allowing your mind to dwell upon such unjust thoughts."

"Do not blame me, father; I can not help it."

"Here comes your cousin; what a handsome lady she is."

"Handsome indeed but heartless," answered Eugene scornfully.

"You are wrong. She can not prevent men from falling in love with her. I would to God you would make her your wife."

"Would you have me marry her when my heart belongs to Meta Woodruff?"

"She loves Eugene, Eugene, and would make you love her. Marry her, my boy, and make my old age happy."

"What if she refuse my offer of marriage?" said Eugene thoughtfully.

"She will not, can not, loving you as she does."

Mr. Hay had no reason to believe his niece loved his son, except that he thought everyone must love his noble boy.

"Then as it pleases you, father, I will marry her, for since Meta can be nothing to me, I care for no one else."

"God bless you, Eugene; you are a dutiful son," he said shaking Eugene's hand warmly.

"As she is coming this way I will retire to my room; my mind is too much disturbed to meet her as I should," he said, turning away from his father. He did not want him to read in his face the pain it cost him to comply with his wish; he would rather remain single the remainder of his life than to marry a woman he did not love.

Entering his room he threw himself across his bed and wept like a child. Oh, Eugene, why do you do this? Why do you turn your back to Meta Woodruff and ask her for an explanation of her cruel conduct? That unhappy girl would welcome you only too gladly, for in spite of all you say and think to the contrary she is true to you.

He had no doubt but what Meta had received his letters; it was not pride which kept him from going to her. It she did not answer his letters, so full of love and tender pleading, she surely would not see him.

"Ah, uncle, you are looking so well this morning. I dare say you will be wanting to return home soon," said Flossy, as she came up to her uncle.

"I do now, child."

"I do not blame you in the least, for I am also tired of France, French people and fashionable French society, and long for home again."

"I had thought that perhaps we might be compelled to leave you here, as some of these noblemen seem to be desperately in love with my beautiful niece," he said, watching her attentively.

"Yet, I do not care for them. But I must tell you of some one I do care for very much," she said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Eugene, of course," exclaimed Mr. Hay.

"I do like him, but not as I do someone else. He is so nice, he has large, handsome black eyes and a mouth which is charming. His name is—well, I shall never tell you unless he asks me to."

"Flossy, I was in hopes that you would one day be my daughter."

"What do you mean, uncle?" she asked in astonishment.

"That I want you to marry Eugene. I thought you loved him."

friend, saying that Meta Woodruff has disappeared from her home."

"My God! Can this be possible? Who accompanied her in her flight?"

"None but God knows, my son; at least, that is yet a secret."

"How unlike the innocent girl she used to be. I would to God that I had never left her."

Even though Eugene knew that Meta had not kept her faith with him, he loved her, and yet looked for a letter, a word to call him home to her; but when his father told him of her disappearance he was convinced at once of the reason for her not writing to him. He fully believed that she had eloped with another. His father was very anxious for him to marry Flossy. Why should he not do as he wished, since Meta was lost to him forever?

"I am going for a walk, Flossy, will you go with me?" he asked her.

"Of course I will, but you look more like a lying down than walking. You may lean on my arm if you like," she said, looking up into his face with eyes full of sisterly love and tenderness as they descended the steps.

"I am all right, Flossy; you must not make such a child of me. How beautiful the sunset is. It seems to sink down into the ocean and the mighty waters grasp it in their embrace as if seeking to destroy its splendor."

"It reminds me, Eugene, of life, love and trouble. God has given us a part of his existence. He means for us to take care of it and not allow trouble to darken or destroy it; or allow love for a dear one lost to us dim the splendor of it."

"You are rather personal in your remarks, cousin."

"Forgive me, Eugene; I did not mean to be, although I know enough of your life to know the goodness of Meta Woodruff very much she has proven false to me."

"Flossy, let me tell you of an agreement we made when I saw her last. When either of us ceased to write to the other our engagement was to be considered broken, but she with great tears in her lovely eyes vowed to be true to me whether she received a letter from me or not."

"But did you write to her as often as you promised you would?"

"Yes, and more. You see she has made me lose faith in all her sex."

"How unjust you are. I hope your condemnation of my sex does not extend to myself, as not only to you but every one else I have endeavored to be worthy the love, respect and trust they have bestowed upon me so lavishly."

"Perhaps in the past I have judged you with the rest, but I dare not in the future. Flossy, for I want you to be my wife. Will you do as I ask?"

"I can not, Eugene, for I do not love you."

"You will learn to love me, Flossy," he claimed this wretched man. "I will be very kind and gentle with you, never allowing trouble to come near you."

"If we are kind to a dog or other brute they will love us. Unlike them, you can never love me more than I do now. Besides, Eugene, your heart belongs to another. Am I not right? Ah, you do not answer me; you are silent, Eugene. Are you afraid to tell the truth?"

"I am not. That is all over now, and you must never speak of her again. Her name is to me as she is—they are both dead."

As Eugene said this he stopped and stood in front of Flossy, with hands clenched and face as white as marble.

"Sit down, Eugene; you are not well," she said, pitying her unhappy cousin.

"Well, I never will be again in mind. Flossy, I want you to be my wife; you must not refuse me. She must never know the sorrow her cruel conduct has caused me."

"You must give me a little time to think over this matter. To-morrow we start for home; your father thinks of going with us. After I reach home and consult mamma about this, I will give you my answer."

"I am impatient and would rather have my answer now, so that on arrival in America I may hear of her engagement."

"Then I consent against my will. I consent to your entreaties. But, Eugene, if at any time before we are married I think it impossible to care more for you than I do now, I will expect you, at my request, to release me from this engagement."

"You are honest, Flossy, and though our future does not look very bright now, we may live to thank God for uniting us."

He did not take her in his arms and kiss her as lovers generally do, when they have just received from a loving girl the promise to become their wife. He took her little hand in his and pressed it tenderly, for even though he did not love her he was conscious of the sacrifice she was making for him. How generous she was.

Flossy was not happy, and insisted upon returning to the hotel at once. Once in her room she knelt down by her bed and tried to pray, for this beautiful woman had not seen spilt by the world enough to forget where to go for comfort. But try as she would her lips would not move. Her heart was not in her own keeping.

Down stairs in the ball-room a large crowd of merry people were dancing to the beautiful strains of music. Standing at one of the windows talking to his father was Eugene Hay. How handsome he looked in his evening dress. His eyes were turned towards the door; he was looking for Flossy, who had gone out on the porch with a gentleman whom Eugene had never seen before, except when Flossy had pointed him out at the opera, when they were in Paris. At the end of an hour Flossy and her companion re-entered the ball-room and went directly over to where Eugene and his father were.

"Uncle, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Reed; Mr. Reed, my uncle, Mr. Hay."

She also introduced him to Eugene, and then, at Mr. Reed's request, for one more walk, the last, she took his arm and was soon walking around the room to the music of one of Strauss' waltzes. How happy she was, clasped in the arms of—but there, I'm telling you a secret which belongs to some one else. After this waltz the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and the ball-room was soon deserted.

Good night and good-bye, Mr. Reed, as you know we start for home early in the morning before you have opened your eyes."

"I am very sorry, Miss Hay, as our acquaintance, which has been so pleasant to me, has just begun."

"I must confess that I am a little sorry myself."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean nothing more than I have said," interrupted Flossy.

"Miss Hay, when I return to America, which will not be later than the week after you start home, may I have the pleasure of calling upon you?"

"Certainly; I shall be only too glad to meet any friend I have met here or in my travels. You will always be welcome at our home."

She replied a little sadly, her eyes cast down and her lips quivering.

"Thank you, Miss Hay. I had hoped to speak to you of myself to-night, but I have waited until it is too late."

"Yes, it is late. Good-bye, Mr. Reed," she said, drawing her hand away from his, in which he had been holding it for some time. "No, I will not say good-bye to-night, as I intend to be up in time to see you off. Good night."

She turned away from him, ran up the stairs and into her own room. Once more she knelt at her bedside, but this time it was

to bury her head into the bed-clothes and weep. Her whole frame shook as if her heart were breaking. But why did she weep now all this trouble? If she did not love Eugene Hay, why did she not tell him so—say to him that she would never marry him, and ask him to release her from an engagement which made her so wretched?

How many of us borrow trouble just as Flossy Hay was doing? Is it right to be miserable that which was given us to make the best of? She had consented to be Eugene's wife, thinking, as he had said, that she would learn to love him. She also thought that she might make him happy; she was so kind, so generous, ever ready to sacrifice her own happiness for others.

Mr. Reed came to his room, was up and down in the parlor by the time Flossy, her father, Eugene and his father were.

The trunk was all strapped and sent on ahead. Eugene and his father and uncle started out to the carriage which was waiting to convey them to the nearest railway station. Flossy and Mr. Reed followed a short distance behind.

"I wish you were going with us, Mr. Reed. I am sure we would all have a pleasant journey."

"I do not doubt that in the least. Had I known of your intention of departing so soon I should have tried to have been ready to go at the same time. However, it will not be long before I shall see you again."

"Until then good-bye, Mr. Reed."

"Good-bye, Miss Hay. God grant you a safe journey," he replied, kissing the small hand she held out to him.

They had reached the carriage. Lifting her in and bidding her good-bye once more, he stood by the gate until the carriage drove away, waving his handkerchief until they were out of sight. Then he started out for a walk, as it was time for the sun to rise, and a surprise in this beautiful place was a sight ever to be remembered.

Eugene had not noticed or thought anything of Mr. Reed's and Flossy's actions, as she had informed him that he was a dear friend of hers. But his father had noticed it, and not knowing of Eugene's engagement, felt greatly alarmed over that which he had seen, as he loved his niece, and as we already know, was anxious for his son to marry her.

He was perfectly delighted when Eugene told him and his brother, in Flossy's presence, of their engagement and asked their consent and blessing.

"Eugene, you must make my child happy, for she has never known what trouble is. May God bless you both," said Flossy's father.

"Trust me, uncle, for I will do all in my power to make her so."

"My son, you have at last done that which pleases me most. But I would have you remember, you will not have a man under your thumb, but a woman; a gentle, kind, kind to her always. You both have my blessing."

Poor Flossy, sitting back in a corner of the carriage, was much surprised and not a little vexed, when Eugene placed his arm around her waist and whispered in a kiss upon her pretty lips that she would never marry her father, and with God's aid will do my duty."

How she wished they would change the subject; but they had almost reached the station before they did, and the welcomed the change as a dying man would the last breath, in order to terminate his suffering. Their journey had been a pleasant one, but not so much as it might have been had not one of the party been so unhappy. I said one, but I think I should have been nearer right if I had said two. Have you not known how unhappy the other was? Both Flossy and Eugene strove to hide behind smiling faces hearts full of sorrow, and the deception was a success.

The first of February found our travelers once more in America, and they were all glad to be at home once more, except Eugene. As he entered his room he saw here and there presents given him by Meta. He did not touch them, but turned and left the room, closing the door after him, and placing the key in his pocket, saying to himself that he would destroy everything before he was married, or return them to Meta. He went to the housekeeper and had another room prepared for himself, giving her no reason whatever for his strange conduct. While she would like to have known, she knew better than to ask. After his room had been made comfortable, Eugene did not leave it again until the next morning; neither did he sleep, but spent the night in pacing the floor and grieving over his great loss.

(CONTINUED TO-MORROW)

#### CINCINNATI ELECTION CASE.

The Springer Investigation Closed for the Present and the Committee Leaves for Washington.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 17.—Campbell Clark, colored, was the first witness before the Springer Investigating Committee this morning. He told how he was abused and arrested at the Eighth Ward polls, and maltreated and how he was in custody by the men who arrested him.

E. G. Rathbone, Chief Examiner of the Pension Bureau, testified that he had been a leave of absence October 1, and returned November 15; was in Cincinnati before and during the October election, and had received letters received from various cities that Democratic repeaters were contemplating coming to Cincinnati to vote, and understood to devise means to prevent them. He stated that he had been in Indianapolis to show his method. It was asked whether the same plan was pursued as to other cities. The men so obtained were detailed to what were regarded as bad wards, where repeaters would be most likely attempted. He had information that Gallagher, of Chicago, now charged with fraud at the election, in this city, was here, and he was watching Gallagher and his men, and that he was watching. One of these men was arrested. The witness detailed two men to take his place and sent word to Gallagher, warning him not to attempt fraud. On the afternoon of the election, upon information that a gang of Chicago men were engaged in repeating, witness arrested two of them, who told him:

"At this point both Judge Van Alstyne and Chairman Springer objected."

Mr. Stewart, of the committee, argued the testimony was inadmissible, but that it was impossible to prove repeaters unless the admissions of repeaters are admitted. He believed there were repeaters on both sides here in October, and there ought to be repeaters here until the State furnished a decent registration law. [Applause.]

Chairman Springer said the matter was practically in the record anyhow, and witness proceeded to say he took every man possible to drive repeaters away. Among other devices was the circulation of a report that John L. Davenport, of New York, was here. This was to frighten away hundreds of repeaters, of whose coming Senator Chaffee had given him notice. Witness mentioned many cases of men in Ohio visiting them and placed his among those in the Ohio list. This closed the testimony in behalf of Marshall Wright.

The other side introduced new witnesses to contradict some of the Marshall's witnesses. The last witness was John Brickette, who testified that he coached the coach of several colored Deputy Marshals and saw one of these colored Deputy Marshals vote in the Sixth Ward and again in the Eighth Ward.

The committee adjourned subject to call, and left for Washington to-night.

**Dynamite Explosion in a Hat Store.**  
 BRIGHTON, Conn., Jan. 17.—An attempt was made at 11 o'clock last night by unknown persons, to blow up Crofut & Knapp's hat store, No. 2, at South Norwalk, with dynamite. The shock was felt all over the city and attracted great

crowds of people to the scene. One end of the structure was completely blown out. There were seventeen employees asleep in the building at the time who escaped injury. It is supposed to be the work of dissatisfied strikers or their friends. The men in the building were thrown from their coats. The windows throughout the building were shattered, and the heavy stone window sills broken.

**Frank Mayo and Company Delayed by the Snow.**  
 KIOUK, Iowa, Jan. 17.—The storm abated in the night and the thermometer fell to elegant degrees below zero. The trains are still delayed, but all the roads except the Wabash are clear of snow. The Wabash will be all right by to-morrow.

Frank Mayo and company, en route to Crawfordville, Ind., en route here and may miss an engagement at Cincinnati Sunday night.

**Sedentary Pursuits.**  
 Undoubtedly have a tendency to beget dyspepsia, but we do not unarily meet persons who lead outdoor active lives who are badly troubled with it. It is common to men and women of all vocations and of the most diverse physical constitution. Bad food and water may cause it. To persons who are occasionally or constantly its victims, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a boon of value, since it relieves and prevents it, neutralizes bad qualities in food and drink, and is a general as well as effective medicine. Pallid cheeks and in-door operatives in unwholesome factories, milliners and railway travelers, compelled to hold food hastily, will do well to provide themselves with a supply of this pleasant tonic. It is a reliable defense against fever and ague and biliousness, relieves rheumatism, is a good appetizer and exerts a tranquilizing and invigorating influence upon the nervous system. It is a fine thing, too, in infirm old age.

**Prohibition Declared a Failure.**  
 DES MOINES, Jan. 17.—The City Council of Oskaloosa, a town which voted strongly for prohibition, passed unanimously a preamble and resolution, declaring the prohibitory law a failure; it is declared to be the best interest of the city and to the cause of temperance; asking for its repeal and petitioning the governor to call a special session of the legislature for that purpose and to enact a rigid license law instead.

The loss of an ocean steamship and the consequent sacrifice of human life arouse our horror, but do we ever stop to think of the thousands of lives that are annually destroyed by kidney and liver complaints?

The mortality is fearful, but ever since Mischler's Herb Bitters entered the lists to contest their supremacy, the power of the disease has diminished and is constantly growing less. William C. Crowley, of Donkhan, Kas., was given up to die. Mischler's Herb Bitters cured him.

**Damage by Wind.**  
 CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 17.—This city was visited last night by a very heavy wind storm. A number of business houses were unroofed, trees were uprooted and small factories damaged. The loss is extensive, but can not be now ascertained. The telephone company sustained severe damage.

**Catarrh Cured.**  
 Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ARBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARKINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla.**  
 Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

#### PUT YOUR HAND

In a vice, turn the screw until the pain is all you can possibly bear, and that's Rheumatism; turn the screw once more, and that's Neuralgia. Such was the definition of these two diseases given his class by a Professor in a medical college, and he added: "Gentlemen, the medical profession knows no certain cure for either." The latter statement is no longer true, for it has been proved time and again that

**ATHLOPHOROS**  
 WILL CURE BOTH!

C. F. Tilton, Freeport, Ill., Engineer on C. & N. W. Ry., writes:

"I have been troubled with Rheumatism for ten years, and have been confined to the house several times. I have used all kinds of ATHLOPHOROS and seem to be getting cured. I cannot say too much for the medicine."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it to you by mail, if you will send us a dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he does not have it, we will send it to you by mail, if you will send us a dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he does not have it, we will send it to you by mail, if you will send us a dollar per bottle.

**ATHLOPHOROS CO.**  
 112 WALL ST. NEW YORK

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 Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

#### OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

UNITED STATES BRANCH OF THE

Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 54 William Street, New York. Henry E. Bowers, Manager. Home Office: 11 Lombard Street, London, England.

The Amount of its Capital is \$10,000,000 00  
 The Amount of its Capital paid up is 5,000,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY IN THE U. S. ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents or other persons \$ 195,406 65  
 Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent., secured as follows, market value: 43,702 07  
 United States Registered Bonds, 45, 1907, at 121½, \$906,000 00 975,000 00  
 Interest due and accrued 8,000 00  
 Debts for Premiums 85,217 19

Total Assets \$ 1,216,633 91

LIABILITIES IN U. S.  
 Losses adjusted and due \$ 9,570 25  
 Losses adjusted and not due 43,702 07  
 Losses in suspense waiting for further proof 15,628 25  
 All other claims against the Company 2,867 25  
 Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks 406,523 43

Total Liabilities \$ 548,889 29  
 The greatest amount in any one risk 25,000 00  
 The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block 75,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.  
 I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of the State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.  
 In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal this 17th day of January, 1885. JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

#### OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Covenant Mutual Life Insurance Company,

On the 31st day of December, 1884.